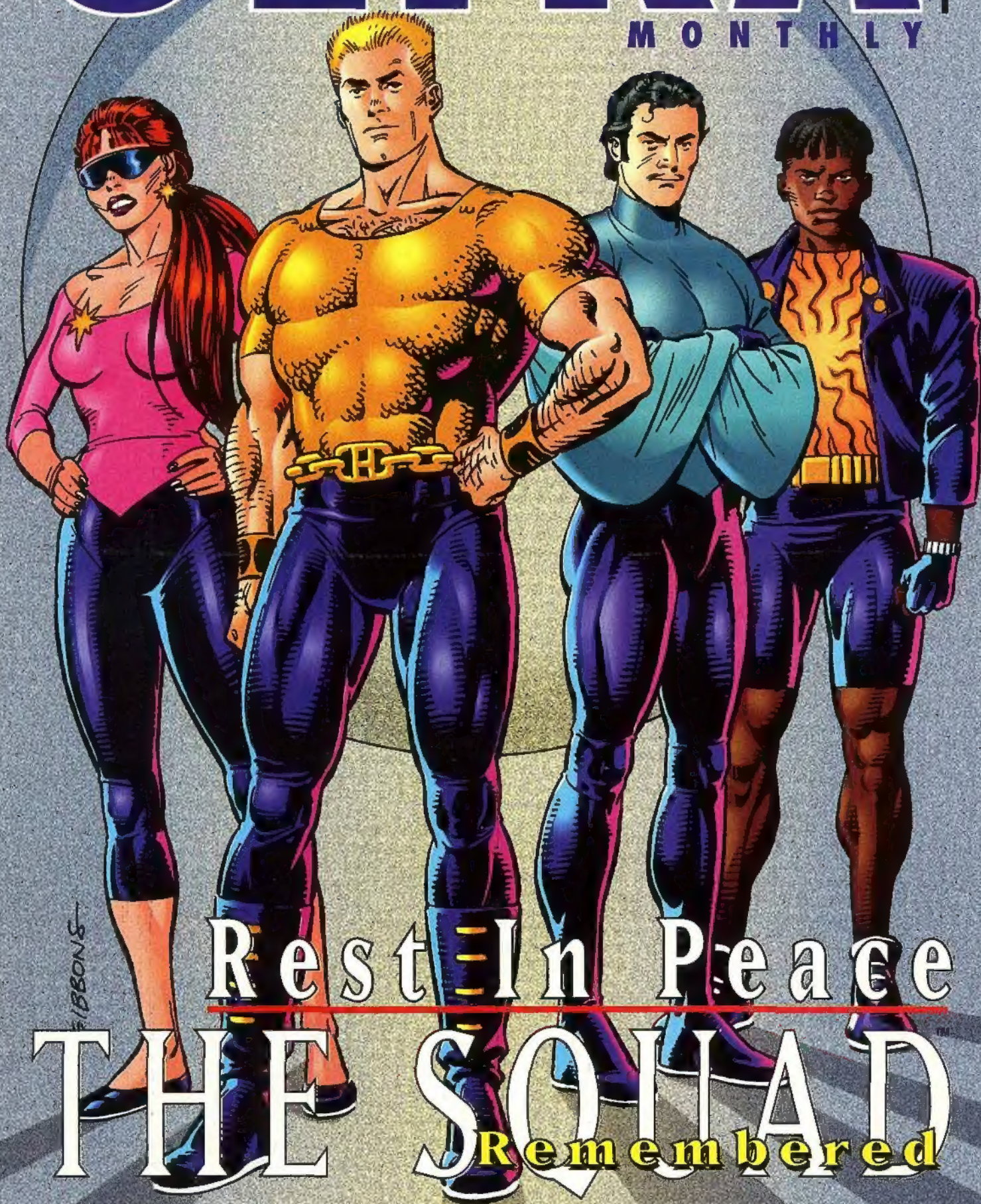


THE PREMIERE ULTRAHUMAN NEWS MAGAZINE

ULTRATM

JUNE
#1

MONTHLY



Rest In Peace

THE SQUAD

Remembered

PUBLISHER'S COLUMN

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO BAKER...

When The Squad was consumed in DJ Blast!'s final fireball a scant fifteen months ago, most of you were sure that the ultrahuman phenomenon was over. With Hardcase fled into retirement, Starburst a vegetable, and no more than infrequent and unsubstantiated ultra sightings around the globe, who knew that this was only a harbinger of the events which now challenge our very perceptions of reality?

I did.

My name is Albert Baker. Call me Al. For the past six years I've published the leading line of superhero comics in the world. Last month I cancelled my entire line. Every last book. Because make-believe is not good enough anymore. You want reality. And reality these days is ultrahuman.

That's right, ultrahuman. The dictionary doesn't define the term yet but we all know what it means. Hardcase. The Squad. People who have the ability to fly, to hoist pick-up trucks over their heads and crush them like beer cans. Men and women who are more than human. And they're all around us.

This month alone, ultras tore up a San Francisco intersection with their bare hands. A new ultra calling himself Prime appeared in Los Angeles one day and Somalia, the next. Most surprising of all, the ever-popular Hardcase is back from his premature retirement (using a Buick like a sledgehammer, he pounded an ultrahuman thug into dust and stopped a bank robbery cold). The ultrahumans are here and you better move out of their way!

Yes, REAL costumed characters are in the streets, in the newspapers, on the six o'clock news, in your home town. Ultrahuman "heroes" are shaping our lives and our future. Where can you get the straight story, the real truth, the bottom line?

Keep reading, pal.

ULTRA-Monthly is your premiere news source for the ultrahuman action of this brave new world. No other magazine can promise the coverage ULTRA-Monthly will deliver. My crack staff was selected for their unprecedented INSIDE connections. While other magazines will tell you what happened, ULTRA-Monthly will tell you WHY. We'll cover the action, the glory, the DIRT. We'll offer unprecedented access to the ultras themselves. Exclusive interviews! Revealing articles! Special promotions where YOU can meet the Ultras in person! ULTRA-Monthly has it all!

The ultrahuman reality is here—and ULTRA-Monthly is here to cover it.

Stick around-things are getting interesting!



CONTENTS

T A B L E O F



FEATURES

ON the cover
The Squad Remembered
Pages 8-9

COLUMNS

WORD around town
Gabrielle
Page 6

DEVIL take the hindmost
Thom Hunter
Page 10-11

DEPARTMENTS

SLINGS and arrows
Ultra readers sound off!
Page 2

NEWSwatch
Ultra-news from around
the world
Pages 4-5

IT'S a weird world
You heard it here first!
Page 3

ULTRA focus
Corporate ultras
Page 12

ULTRA bucks
Business, news & views
Inside back cover

PUBLISHER: Al Baker; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** Paul O'Connor, Eileen Eldred, Roland Mann, Chris Ulm; **DESIGNER:** Dan Danko **DESIGN EDITORS:** Jerry Bingham, Anne Chien Bruce Lewis; **SPECIAL CORRESPONDANT:** James Hudnall; **CORRESPONDENTS:** April Brown, Peter Hill, Jack Mercy; **EDITORIAL:** Kelly Burke, R. Jackson Hunt, King Kelly; **FINANCIAL:** Smythe Adams; **ENTERTAINMENT:** Gabrielle; **CORRESPONDENTS-AT-LARGE:** Hunter Thompson...and the world-wide staff of ULTRA-Monthly. **ULTRA-Monthly** Volume I, Number One. June, 1993. Address all correspondence to ULTRA-Monthly, P.O. Box 1764, Cambria, CA, 93428.

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Sling &

READERS sound off

Although this is the premiere issue, word of our pending publication generated a virtual mountain of mail before a single copy hit the streets. A sample of reader comments follows:

I for one am dismayed to see these irresponsible ultras afforded one whit of publicity. It's bad enough we the taxpayers must account for their property damage without having to watch these microcephalic, muscle-bound thugs reap millions in licensing deals thanks to the shameless promotion of yellow journals such as ULTRA-Monthly

Grace Holland
Fresno, CA

You've got us wrong if you think ULTRA-Monthly is going to be a publicity vehicle, loaded with press releases and puff-piece interviews. We'll give credit where it's due, but when an Ultra crosses the line and becomes a menace to the public, you can bet you'll hear about it here loud and clear! — Al



Len Thompson
Princeton NJ

Linda Warren, a.k.a. Starburst,

remains in a coma in a Los Angeles Hospital. A retrospective of *The Squad* is featured this issue --Al

Have you any explanation for the sudden appearance of ultrahumans? Do you support Professor Norris' theory that ultras have existed throughout history, but have remained in hiding, or do you believe along with most Americans that ultras result from some more recent phenomenon, such as a government experiment gone haywire?

Sandy Larson
San Francisco CA

To be blunt, Sandy — I don't know! I have my own pet theories, of course, but that hasn't stopped me from assigning my staff to get to the bottom of this Ultra mystery. If there's an answer, you can bet you'll hear it here first! — Al

Smooth move, Baker! While you're busy flushing your sleazy comics empire, consider planting a .38 slug in your swollen head. It will be a less painful death than the slow torture you are going to suffer with this hopeless ULTRA rag. You're nuts!

Phillip Bacon
Scottsdale, AZ

We'll see who laughs last, chump. — Al

I just don't understand why

everyone is rolling out the red carpet for these ultrahumans. Where do they come from? Why do they wear masks? What are they hiding? I think the government should do something.

Sherry Chilton
Orlando FL

You're not alone in fearing the ultras. The appearance of ultrahumans has made us all reexamine our lives and our society. — Al

ULTRA-Monthly is YOUR magazine, and we want to hear your comments. Send your cards and letters to the address below. I pledge to read each and every one of them personally —Al.

Address all correspondence to:
Al Baker,
ULTRA-Monthly,
P.O. Box 1764,
Cambria, CA
93428.



ARROWS

Eyewitness photo captures Lewis Phillips in his monstrous form.

it's a HELL World

YOU heard it here first

control devices," said Tubb, who seemed excited at the chance to spread his message.

ATMs ARE MIND-CONTROL DEVICES! JOLIET, IL.:

For months, Police were baffled by a series of brutal attacks on automatic teller machines. Machines were broken apart, as if with an axe. Burglary was apparently not a motive, as large sums of cash were discovered inside the machines.

ULTRA-Monthly's undercover investigation revealed the self-confessed perpetrator of this odd crime wave, Oswald Shelby Tubb. "ATMs are mind

shoes helps block out the rays."

HIGH SCHOOL ALL-AMERICAN IS A SHAPELESS MONSTER

ATWATER, CA: High School football star Lewis Phillips is really an otherworldly monster in human form. He is just one of hundreds of alien creatures masquerading as humans world-wide.

Two thousand fans looked on in horror as Phillips assumed his true form after being knocked unconscious during his homecoming football game. "It was totally gross," says cheerleader Hillary Goldin, who was on the sidelines at the time. "Lewis went down after a bad hit, and when everyone pulled back, he was just a big blob." Chaos erupted in the wake of the discovery during the confusion Phillips ran from the field. Phillips has not been available for comment.

LIBERACE BEING CLONED IN SECRET RAISED OVER AMERICA

USA.: Sources exclusive to ULTRA-Monthly confirm Liberace, the flamboyant piano maestro, had himself cloned in a series of secret operations prior to his 1987 death. "Right now, in schools across the United States and Europe, five and six year old clones of Liberace are beginning kindergarten," the source said. "They don't look very much like Liberace, because they've been disguised by cosmetic surgery, but you can spot them by their innate musical talent." Our source went on to say the Liberace clones are part of a world-wide plan to raise a new generation of superstar entertainers. "Yes, there are Elvis clones, and others you can't possibly imagine," the source said.

YOU heard it here first

PHOTO

it's a
HELL
World

Eyewitness photo captures Lewis Phillips in his monstrous form.

NewsWatch

NEWS from around the world

OFFICERS KILLED IN BANK ROBBERY ATTEMPT



LOS ANGELES.

An ultrahuman identified as "Headknocker" killed a security guard and a police officer and wounded several others while attempting to rob the Bank of Los Angeles.

Police responded to a silent alarm at the Bank of Los Angeles, 351 Flower Street, at approximately 2:30 PM, police spokeswoman Katelyn Brown stated. "Upon arrival, officers found the dead body of Douglas Jermin, a thirty four year-old



HARDCASE BACK IN ACTION

security guard employed by the Bank of Los Angeles," Brown said. According to Los Angeles County forensic examiner Scott Swietek, Jermin was killed by a massive blow to the head.

"Officers opened fire when the suspect, identifying himself as Headknocker, refused to surrender," Brown said. According to witnesses at the scene, bullets had no effect on Headknocker. The suspect then returned the officers' fire, wounding three, and killing Officer Jamal

Brown, 31, a ten-year veteran of the force.

Hardcase, a.k.a. Tom Hawke, late of the defunct ultra team called The Squad, arrived on the scene minutes later. "This Hardcase guy told this Headknocker psycho to give him that police officer's [Jamal Brown's] body," stated Bank of Los Angeles employee Myra Jones. "Then they started fightin' for keeps."

The ultra brawl continued on Flowers street, where Headknocker was rendered unconscious when Hardcase beat him repeatedly with a police car. Hardcase said to reporters on the scene, "I'm back," indicating his return to public service.

Property damage at the scene is estimated at two million dollars. Headknocker was taken into police custody. Funeral services for Douglas Jermin and Officer Brown have yet to be announced.

JAZZ MUSICIAN SERIOUSLY INJURED IN CABLE CAR CRASH



SAN FRANCISCO.

Jazz saxophonist Johnny Domino suffered the only serious injury from a cable car crash on Powell Street. The 59 passengers aboard the car, including fashion designer Elena La Brava and Texas millionaire J.D. Hunt, escaped without significant injury.

Witnesses say the cable car was struck by a blast of odd lightning or fire as it neared the top of Powell Street Hill at approximately 9:00 AM. The mysterious blast appeared from an empty sky. The car's brakes gave way shortly after the blast, according to cable car gripman Sam Grandee. The cable car then rolled backwards down the hill to the

intesection of Powell and California, where it collided with the black Miata of jazz musician Johnny Domino. Domino was taken from the scene by ambulance to Davies Medical Center, where he underwent six hours of surgery in an unsuccessful attempt to remove a piece of metal lodged in his brain. Domino remains in critical condition and has not regained consciousness.

PROTOTYPE INVOLVED IN ACCIDENT?



NEW YORK.

ULTRA-Monthly has obtained footage of Prototype, spokesman and armaments demonstrator for the UltraTech

Corporation, being medically evacuated from an UltraTech testing facility in New York. Unnamed sources claim Prototype's exo-armor failed during a recent weapons test. Prototype, whose civilian identity is unknown, has not been seen in public since the alleged accident.



PROTOTYPE INJURED

BIZARRE ULTRAS BATTLE IN STREETS



SAN FRANCISCO.

Seven humans displaying Ultrahuman capabilities engaged in a sprawling brawl at the intersection of Powell and California hours after a cable car was struck by a mysterious blast of energy and crashed into the densely populated street (see related story.)

The confrontation began at approximately 8:00 PM when police responded to a call of a disturbance at the intersection of Powell and California. An unidentified woman, described by witnesses as "exotic," was floating several feet above the crowded street.

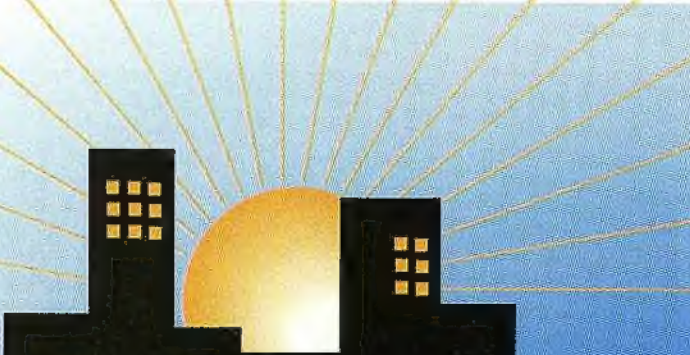
When police officers arrived on the



NEW ULTRAS?

scene, the woman responded with a blast of energy that knocked Officer Jim Watson off his feet.

Six other individuals from the crowd of bystanders on Powell then confronted the woman. Witnesses report the six attacked the woman with various super-speed, entanglement, electrical, and fire powers, which the woman repulsed with a wall of ice. The brief confrontation concluded without significant injury or property damage when the woman rocketed away into the sky and her six opponents vanished in what Watson described as a "small tornado or hurricane."



WORD AROUND TOWN

GABRIELLE

THE WORD AROUND TOWN

is Tom Hawke, a.k.a. **HARDCASE**, is still carrying a torch for lady-love Linda Warren, a.k.a. **STARBURST**. Warren has been in a coma since early 1992 resulting from injuries suffered on a mission



Brandon Tark ...

with The Squad. I can't help but wonder how much of Hawke's appearance at Warren's bedside was genuine and how much is a publicity play. If Tom genuinely loved Linda, I doubt he'd be seen around town with the parade

of starlets he seems to draw like a magnet ...

Also in the limelight is LA's most eligible bachelor, **BRANDON TARK**, with an unidentified beauty in tow. Could there be wedding bells in Brandon's future? Don't hold your breath!...

But maybe say a prayer for billionaire **ANTON LONE**, suffering for the latest "excess of his spoiled brat son, **NICHOLAS LONE**. Young



with...who?

Nicholas, already notorious for his fast drinking, fast living, and even faster driving seems to have met his match when he zipped instead of zagged on a high hairpin curve in Malibu Canyon, launching himself and his blood red Ferrari

Testarossa through a guard rail to land on the rocks fifty feet below. Police reports show no skid marks before the guard rail, meaning Nicholas must have been too drunk to even find the brake pedal when he went off the road at speed estimated in excess of one hundred miles per hour. Nicholas is in critical condition at an undisclosed hospital, but all of daddy's money might not be able to put Humpty together this time...

Can **Hardcase** stay out of the news for more than a day? My sources report tempers are up on the set of **HARDCASE: THE MOVIE**. Tongues are wagging over strained relations between **Hardcase** and co-star **JUSTIN KUTTNER**. Events really took a turn following a heated verbal exchange between **Hardcase** and director **DARREN DOANE** after **Hardcase** waltzed off Doane's set to wrestle with an ultrapowered lunatic. I say Doane's all wet on this one — if the man had a shred of initiative, he would have followed **Hardcase** with a moving camera, and caught plenty of real-life action and saved himself bundles off his special effects' budget in the bargain!

...ciao for now!

Gabrielle



Welt Kiest • 世界中的ナヨイヌ • Wybor Swiata • S
w/hup Gynpuδ • 世界最佳選
Auswahl der Welt • La Choix du Monde • Cha
nyanin Segimi • The Choice of the World • La So
do • Выбор мира • Vyber Sveta • Wat

THE

APRIL brown

Long Beach. He was trying to become a rapper and was in a record producer's office when his demo tape exploded.

Carlos Jimenez was an auto mechanic in West Covina. He was arguing with a customer when the customer suddenly flew through the

skylight. It was several hours later that Carlos discovered it was his fault and not the customer's doing.

These four people had a common bond despite their divergent backgrounds. The bond was the bizarre turn of events in what had been their ordinary lives. Thus, The Squad

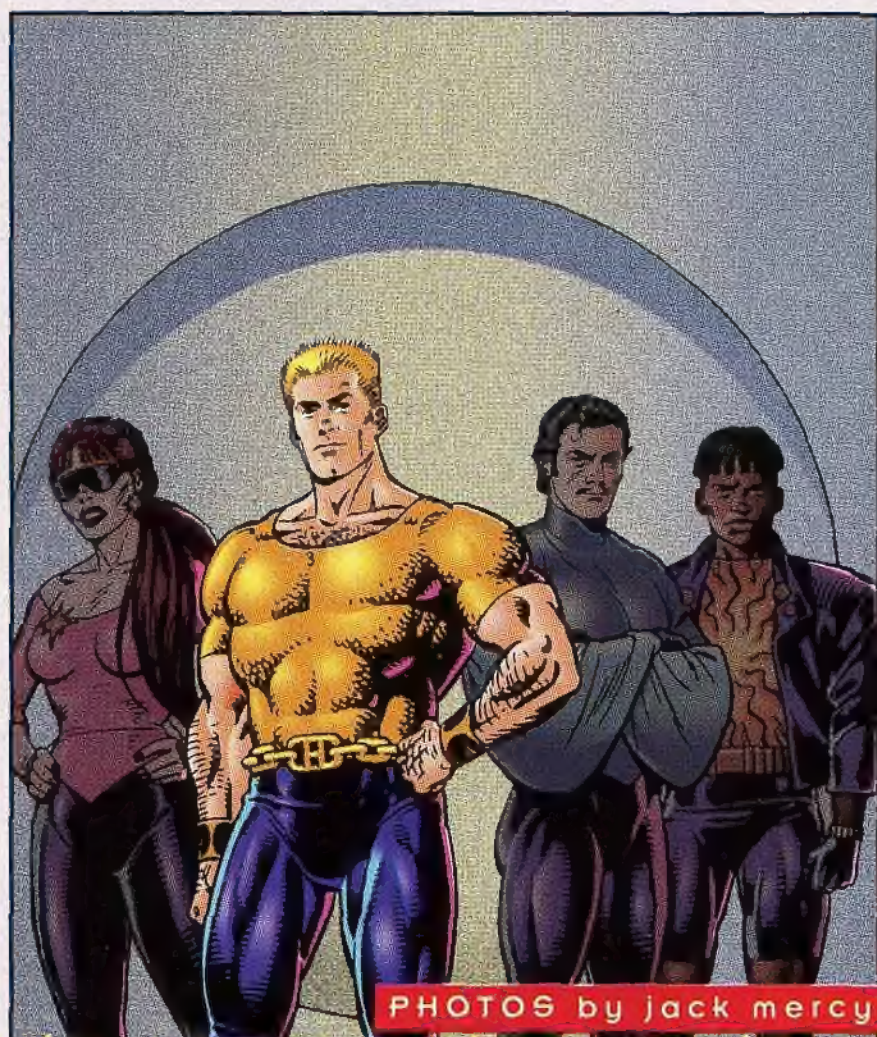
October 12, 1991: Los Angeles. Something happened that changed the lives of four people forever. What exactly that event was, no one knows. Not even the four people involved. But the results were obvious. Four people inexplicably gained ultrahuman abilities. It was only a matter of days before they discovered each other and banded together as the world's first ultrateam: THE SQUAD.

Tom Hawke was an unemployed actor. Hawke was in a casting session for a new TV pilot when his powers kicked in, turning him into the powerhouse he is now.

Linda Warren owned a small New Age shop in Venice. She was in the process of selling some crystals when her powers first manifested themselves, startling everyone in the store.

Jamal Blass, a.k.a. DJ Blast! was a 19 year old teenager living in

SQUAD



PHOTOS by jack mercy

REMEMBERED

was born. Tom Hawke became Hardcase; Linda Warren, Starburst; Jamal Blass, DJ Blast! and Carlos Jimenez became Forsa. With police approval, The Squad took on everything from Arsonists to anti-Zionists. They gained fame and fortune from product endorsements and movie deals. For six months it looked like nothing could go wrong for them.

And then tragedy struck.

Carlos Jimenez had bought a new home in Studio City, California. He was having a house warming party and the entire Squad was in attendance. Everyone was having a great time when the roof caved in. Literally. The creature came out of nowhere. It had a nightmare for a face and razor-sharp blades for arms and it struck with a vengeance. The Squad was unprepared for its onslaught, having never dealt with an ultranemesis before.

Seeing how destructive their battle was, the team managed to lure the creature to a nearby aqueduct before it killed Forsa and crippled DJ Blast! Starburst had been beaten into a coma and Hardcase had several broken bones.

DJ Blast! knew he

was their last chance, but he also knew he would probably be killed if he used all his explosive powers at once. Hardcase took Starburst in his arms and leapt away from the scene at Blast!'s prompting. A split second later the explosion shattered windows five miles away and left a crater 12 feet deep and 40 feet in circumference. The creature was vaporized along with what was once Carlos Jimenez and



Jamal Blass. Linda Warren is still in a coma and Tom Hawke decided it was time to return to acting. The world's first ultra-team was history.

In recent weeks we've seen ultrahumans appear around the world, and Tom Hawke has returned to action. The world is wondering how many ultras will come out of the closet. But one thing is certain, The Squad was first and they will always be remembered.

“These four people had a common bond...the bizarre turn of events in what had been their ordinary lives.”

S

ixteen months of Governor — now, President — Bill Clinton's campaign had given me a weird sort of edge, the kind of thick-tongued, wild-eyed, creeping hysteria that comes from an endless bus tour and a steady diet

unpaid hotel bills and wrecked rental cars I'd gone through in the course of performing my journalistic duties. I was on my deck, sipping Corona and watching an Oakland A's game off the dish when Al Baker called.

I called him something unprintable and hung up.

Baker is a sewer rat with a nose for gold and the cultural

forehead.

The phone rang again.

"Stick it in your ear, Baker!"

"Shut up and listen, Hunter. I've got work for you."

"For that kind of work you can hire a dwarf," I snarled. You work for Baker meant no pay and a mysteriously vanishing by-line. "Besides, I don't write funnybooks."

"I'm out of the

DEVIL take the H I N D M O S T

of coffee and cigarettes. Sixteen months of Al Gore speeches earned me a vacation, in a secluded cabana on the Yucatan peninsula, just the place to duck the brown rain due to spew from Washington when Slick Willie's boys pried up the floorboards to find twelve years' worth of past administration corpses stacked away like cord wood, and just the place to put some distance between me and the sixteen months worth of

Thom Hunter is ULTRA-Monthly's correspondent-at-large. While his opinions do not necessarily reflect those of this magazine or its publisher, we will defend his constitutional rights to express those opinions and our right to publish it.

instincts of a dung beetle. I've crossed his foul path eight times in my life and each time come away savagely scarred by the experience. The sound of Baker's voice on the phone started the drum beat of paranoia hammering at my temples. My god, they've found me. The Hilton has released Baker like a heat seeking missile to track me to the ends of the earth. An army of Avis rent-a-car agents is creeping through the jungle just yards from my hut, their perky multi-ethnic faces painted in obscene whorls with charcoal and war paint. Cripes, I could feel the crosshairs on my

THOM HUNTER

comics business," he said. "I strictly cover the real thing now. Ultrahumans. Maybe you saw my GNS spot last week? I was on national news—I'm the expert in the field. This whole thing has gone crazy—"

I slammed down the phone but it rang before I could unplug it from the wall.

"Cut the crap, Hunter. I'm offering you a deal. Cash. Your own column. Monthly magazine. No interference. No limits."

"What's the catch? You hate my guts."

"And I still do. But you sell magazines, and Jack Mercy vouched for you, so



you get a chance. Don't try my patience."

Mercy and I were in Vietnam together, where we'd covered the war for STARS & STRIPES. Jack was a first-rate photo-journalist, but he had a big mouth that he liked to wrap around a bottle, and he had a

hard time holding a job. He'd fallen awfully far to land on Baker's rumor rag, but the thought of working with him again was tempting. I hadn't seen him since that ugly job in Vegas back in '78...

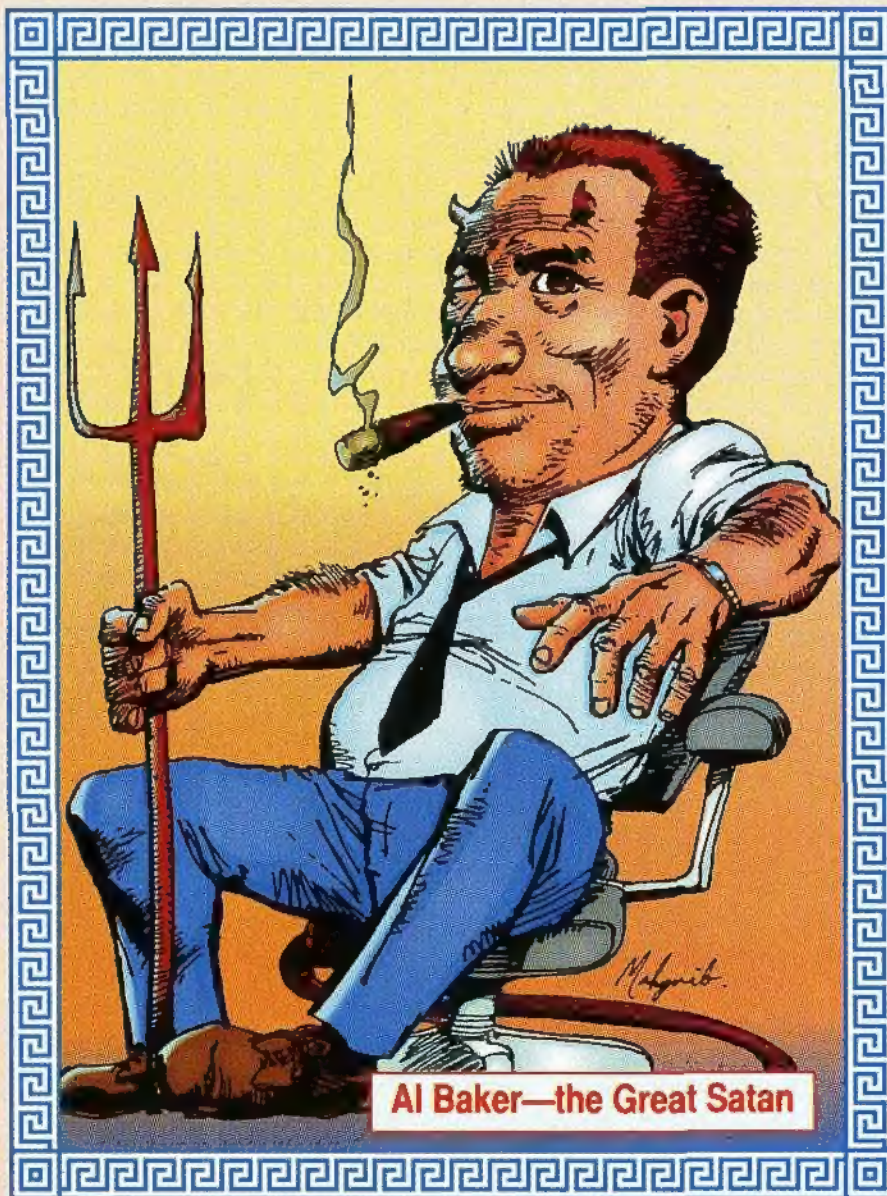
"I'll think about it," I said, and hung up the phone.

And now here I am, in the dead of night, the keys of my old IBM Selectric banging a crisp staccato into the jungle air, answered every now and then by a jaguar's roar or the scream of some exotic jungle bird. I guess I've taken Baker's offer, or I wouldn't be writing this. All I know about

ultras is what I see on GNS, but from what I've seen I'm not surprised Baker has hitched his wagon to the ultrahorse. Whoever gets these guys on television first is going to get rich. The time is ripe for muscle boys in form-fitting spandex to pound each other into hamburger

here, but there might be something more, so I'm taking this job, at least until Baker shows his true colors. In the meantime, hold the ultra shoe contracts and put the mobile phone on call forward, because here's one fellow who doesn't want

mouse ears, a decoder ring, or a secret handshake. You may call ultras the evolution of the human condition, but to me it's just more of that same stormtrooper sturm und drang, order at the expense of sanity. We're back to good versus evil, black hats and white, larger-than-life villains and heroes, simple answers, simple minds, big lies. It's like every mental



before the eyes of a greedy nation. Drama, blood, and stupidity — the stuff of high ratings, indeed, and guaranteed to blow whatever vanilla family sit-com currently sits atop the network pyramid clear into the murky blue.

Yes, there's money

patient in the world is getting his fifteen minutes of fame at the same time. It's up to me to rip the chrome off this lunacy. God help us all, and devil take the hindmost.

--TH

He wears gleaming armor of silver and gold, he flies at supersonic speed, and his servo-enhanced strength can crumble steel as if it were styrofoam. His identity is a closely guarded secret, to ensure the public never thinks of him as anything except what his is - - a high tech living photo opportunity, the publicity agent's dream, the last word in corporate spokesmen. He is Prototype, UltraTech's cutting-edge one-man army.

She's beautiful, she's multicultural, she's got legs that stop traffic, she's supposed to have Ultra powers that rank her right up there with Hardcase, and her smile has made Diet Zing cola the nation's top soft drink. She's Choice, the living symbol of the Choice Corporation. The ultimate nineties superwoman, the role model who can do it all.

Prototype and Choice are the latest examples of a new twist on an old idea — the corporate hero. But whereas in the past corporate heroes have been actors and athletic stars, this new breed of spokesperson is more than just a representative of a corporation...they're **PRODUCT** of their corporation. Prototype's magnificent armor shows off UltraTech's weapons acumen better than a dozen Third World brushfire wars. Choice seems modeled to hit every hotbutton a marketing department could imagine. They are the perfect public relations tools, the living embodiment of their parent corporations, inseparable from the world-wide business concerns they represent.

Yet while the corporate heroes are the most public of ultrahumans, they

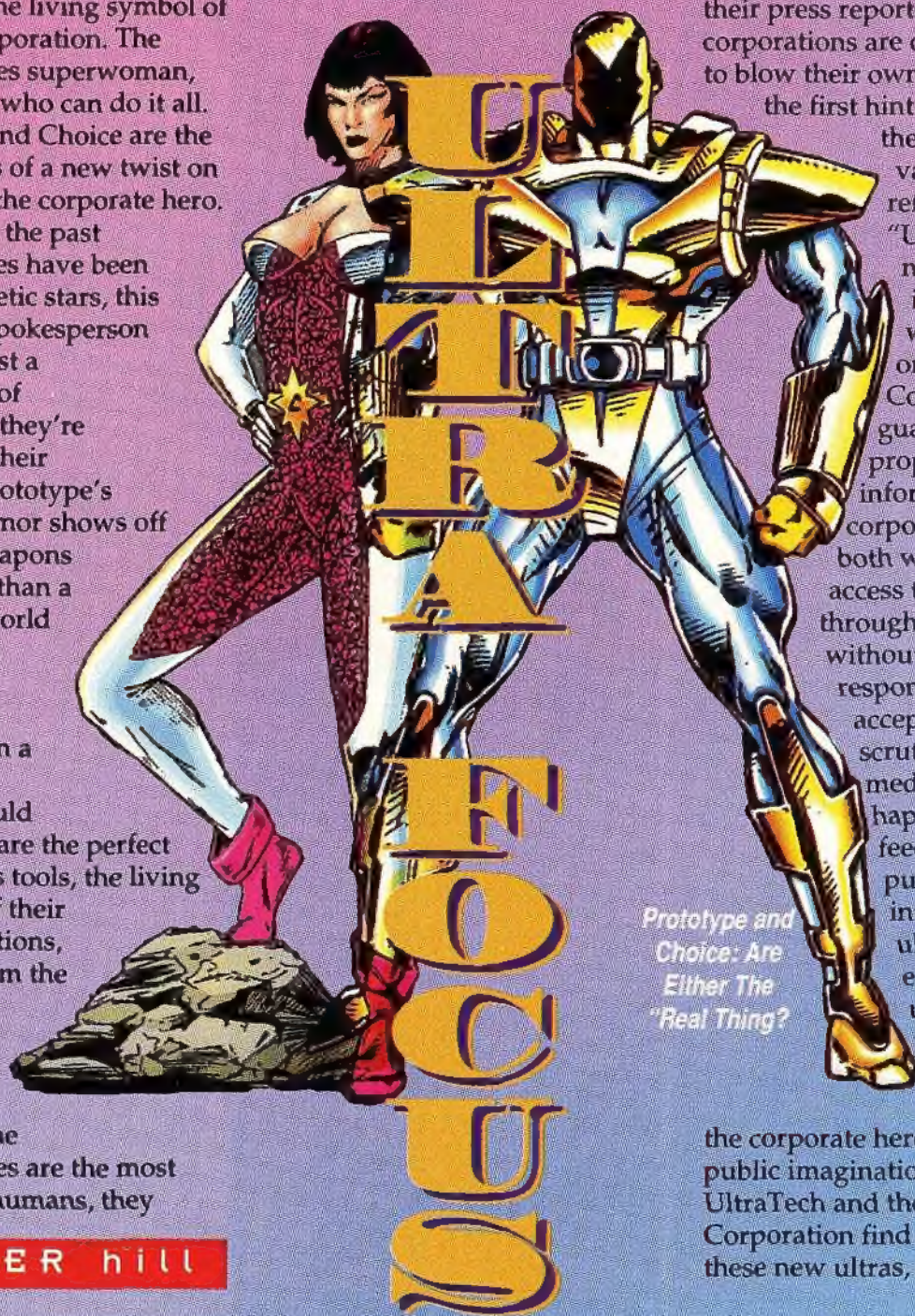
remain strangely unknown. The parent corporations, aware that a cult of personality doesn't suit the corporate image, jealously guard the true identities of their most public spokesmen. Who or what is in Prototype's armor? Exactly where was the perfectly multicultural Choice born? UltraTech and the Choice Corporation guard these secrets as closely as the contents of Zing Cola or the software that governs Prototype's control systems. Access to the corporate heroes is carefully regulated. Even off-the-cuff photo opportunities are scripted to the last detail. Should an ultra hero blow a line, an army of corporate spin doctors is immediately at hand to provide damage control.

Trying to penetrate past the hero to the human being within is like grasping at smoke. Is there something sinister behind corporate silence on the identity of their heroes? What kind of contract must UltraTech offer to convince Prototype to sign over his very identity to the corporate good? Is it possible these heroes are controlled by more than money? Could they be victims of corporate blackmail, or worse, are they the mental and emotional thralls of their creators, with no more free will than a brainwashed cult member?

UltraTech and the Choice Corporation were invited to comment on this article, and predictably they declined. So long as the media reproduces their press reports, the corporations are only too happy to blow their own horn, but at the first hint of objectivity

the plastic smiles vanish. The refrain is familiar: "UltraTech does not discuss internal matters with the press," or "The Choice Corporation must guard sensitive proprietary information." The corporations want it both ways — total access to the public through free media without the responsibility of accepting public scrutiny. And the media is only too happy to oblige, feeding on the public's massive interest in the ultras. Will the explosion of new ultras in the public eye erode the stranglehold of

the corporate heroes on the public imagination, or will UltraTech and the Choice Corporation find a way to co-opt these new ultras, as well?



Prototype and Choice: Are Either The "Real Thing?"



were unfounded.



ULTRATECH EMPLOYEE FILES MULTI-MIL-

LION DOLLAR SUIT

Bob Campbell, a former UltraTech technical specialist since 1988, has filed suit against his old company, alleging wrongful dismissal from his job last month. Campbell, who accepted an early retirement from UltraTech last spring when an industrial accident cost him his arm, claims the corporation need not have dismissed him due to his injury, and that he would have accepted reassignment had it been offered. UltraTech representatives had no comment on the suit, but it is widely believed Campbell's grievance will be settled out of court, so as not to endanger



HARDCASE MOVIE ON THE ROCKS?

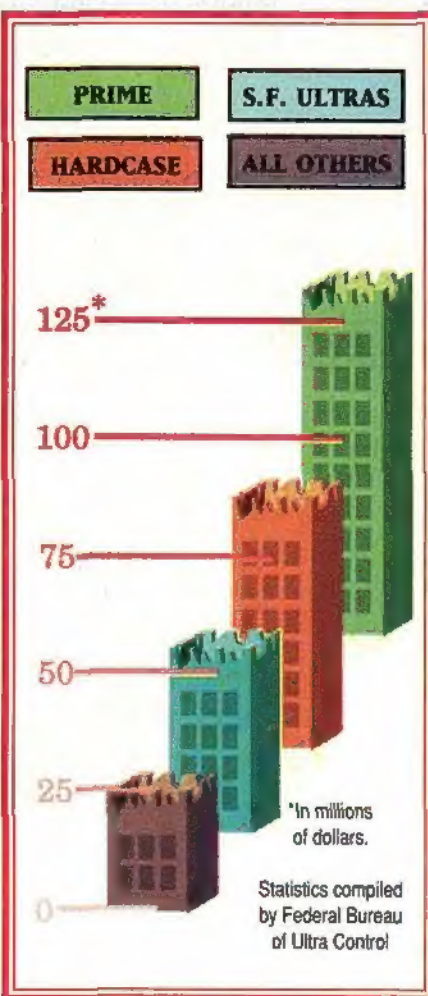
Hardcase agent Sol Gernstein down played rumors of a rift between his client and director Darren Doane over Hardcase's decision to return to active crime fighting. Hardcase: The Movie, is a \$12 million dollar action epic starring Tom Hawke as himself in the title role. Gernstein confirmed Hardcase walked off the movie set in the middle of a take to respond to a bank robbery (see NEWSWATCH), but claimed rumors that the movie's producers were considering resuming production with aging teen heart throb Justin Kuttner in the title role

massive loans UltraTech is seeking to assist in its transition from defense contracts to consumer goods. The company is also reportedly considering a secondary stock offering.



ULTRA- BUCKS SNAPSHOTS:

A look at the figures that shape our world.



**WHY HAVE THEY PLACED A HUSH
ORDER ON BOB CAMPBELL? WHAT IS
ULTRATECH HIDING FROM THE PUBLIC?**

SUPER NINTENDO
ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM

BECAUSE LOSING SUCKS



SUPER ADVANTAGE

That "it's not whether you win or lose, it's how
you play the game" stuff is a bunch of garbage.

That's why we've got two ways
to keep you winning:

the Super Advantage and asciiPad,[™] both for
the Super NES.[®] They've got the kind of
enhancements you need for today's fiercest
games—features like TURBO-FIRE (up to 32 shots

per second), hands-free AUTO TURBO
and SLOW-MOTION CONTROL. With all
these killer features and cool styling,
it's no wonder they're the #1 enhanced

controllers for the Super NES.
So take your pick, and
then take on the neighborhood. With
this kind of power, you'd just better
learn how to be a gracious winner.

IT'S HOW TO WIN.



The asciiPad.
Devastation in the
palm of your hand.

